

MISCELLANY.

1810-1893.

Justin S. Morrill,--On his 83d Birthday, April 14, 1893.

Like some of yesteryear's forest oak that still
Withstands the wind of two score years and
more.

While growth of younger years uprooted fast,
Hoary with ripened leaf, but tried and strong,
Thou standest waiting for another spring
When Nature, thrilled afresh with God's great
touch,

Puts forth her lustrous verdure every where.
We hail thee now with fonder, firmer grasp,
Thankful to him who rules all destinies,
That, well-nigh felled by the furious blast
Which bent thee low and made our hearts despair,
Thou'rt left the stronger by the gale, and still
Can with thy friends rejoice this natal day
To stand on earth though looking into heaven.

And yet for fame and honor and all that makes
Life grand and great, thou standest as of old,
No further gone, within the wilderness
Wherein thy voice called like a clarion on
The fettered have been freed, and hushed the
savage
Of cursed war whose awful uproar once
Convinced the troubled nations that to war
Saved is the State, and peace can now
Be molded into realms of peace.

The eager throngs that crowd our shores to join
The nation's jubilee, may marvel much
Before the tough old fellow who has come
To law and justice long deferred, and mark
The mighty march of an enfranchised race
Towards the equal rights of men.

Old friend,
Thy well-earned rest has come. A grateful state
Withholds no accolade from thy name,
But prays that thou shalt have for evermore
The crowning peace that thou hast for others won.

--John H. Flogg.

MRS. AND MR. TODDLES.

Little Mr. Toddles had finished an extra
good home-dinner and now in handsome
dressing-gown and slippers (both Christmas
gifts from his majesty the major-general
a wife), he was placidly puffing a friendly
cigar before the cheery grate fire in his
easiest chair. The soft blaze lighted his
meek and benevolent face and made it look
rounder and rosier than usual, while
dainty wreaths of fragrant smoke lazily
floated on the air in halos above his bald
but extremely wise little head.

The aristocratic cat lay at his feet on
the parlor rug purring most contentedly.
Mrs. Toddles in the big rocking chair,
which she comfortably filled with nothing
to spare, was deeply interested in a fashion
paper which her ever-thoughtful and affectionate
husband had brought home that evening.

The bounding twins were asleep in their
double cradle up stairs, and a dreamy and
delightful silence, broken only by the rustling
of the aforesaid paper, reigned over the
serene and happy household.

So intently absorbed was Mrs. Toddles
in the fashion plates that she entirely forgot
to recount her daily assortment of
domestic troubles which seem so terrible to
the female mind and so trivial to the manly
one.

Consequently Mr. Toddles was having a
longer period of undisturbed quiet and rest
than usual, and thinking if it wouldn't be
a good plan to always bring home a fashion
book or paper.

Suddenly Mrs. Toddles broke the charm
by rather excitedly saying, "O Timothy!
Crimoline is to be revived and I am going
to wear hoops with my next dress. Won't
I look stylish?"

Mr. Toddles for a moment made no
reply. Neither did he show surprise. But
he knew he had a task on hand to prevent
his large and sometimes very headstrong
wife from making herself ridiculous in the
coming hoops.

"O, ah, yes, of course," he said presently.
"The papers are full of the subject. But
I don't believe they'll be worn by the
real fashionable set, though."

"O, yes, will, Timothy. They're
commencing already with hair cloth. The
Princess of Austria wears that now. Here's
her picture."

Mr. Toddles took the paper from his
wife's eager hands and gazed attentively at
it through his sympathetic glasses.

"Yes, poor thing," he sorrowfully re-
marked. "She's got to. If you had her
figure I wouldn't blame you either."

"Why, what's the matter with it? I'm
sure it's slender and graceful," said Mrs. T.
with a sharp glance at the apparently
sincere critic.

"That's just the matter, my dear. The
Princess is too slender and she needs some-
thing to hide her painful slenderness. But
you, Mrs. Toddles, are not built that way.
Nature has generously given you a perfect
and imposing form--you want no bustles,
nor padding, nor hoops, nor shoulder-puffs,
nor high hats to make you distinguished
looking or handsome. You are so without
those artificial aids for covering deformities."

"I would be a crime to disguise your Venus
shape and Amazonian proportions with
such frippery. Gaze on yourself in the
mirror, my dear, and tell me if I am
wrong."

Mrs. Toddles looked pleased in spite of
herself. "Yes, but, Timothy, don't you
know that if hoops are the style I'll have
to wear them. You wouldn't like to go
out with me if my dress was old-fashioned,
would you?"

In Mr. Toddles' mind came a picture of
how his diminutive wife would appear
beside the extra-sized hoops which his
large and weighty better half would prome-
nade in. As it was it required all his
dignity and manly resolution to avoid making
the contrast too noticeable to avoid making
the contrast too noticeable.

"Old-fashioned?" he laughed. "Why, if
anything's older-fashioned than hoops I
don't know it. But there's something more
serious to consider. We are living now in
the electric age of trolley cars. Suppose
one of them filled with women all grided
by steel hoops would explode. What
would be the result? Every one of those
steel hoops skirts would become bands of
living fire. Every dress would be ignited
and dissolve into smoke. Now how long
could you and the other fair creatures sit
in a public street before a crowd of inquisi-
tive men with red-hot gridirons on your
laps and without a stitch of clothes left to
protect you when the firemen played on
the water?"

Mrs. Toddles turned pale with horror.
"I never thought of that," she gasped,
"and we might attract the lightning, too,
mightn't we?"

"You certainly would, my dear. Your
attractiveness is overpowering--to me, at
least. Suppose a bolt struck you when
you were holding the wire. Maybe you'll
put them in hoops, too?"

Mrs. Toddles shot a glance at her hus-
band to see if he meant the last remark,
but he kept a straight face and went on.

"There's another point, my dear, in re-
gard to your wearing crimoline, and that is
the ridicule you would be subject to on the
street. The men would turn around to
stare at you, and you would utterly spoilt
figure and say with a laugh, 'there goes Bar-
num's circus tent.' The small boys would shout
hoops and sound Indian war-whoops and
pretend to have the whooping cough every
time they saw you. Then beneath such an
expensive canopy as you must carry little
Joey would be lost. Think of a gentleman,
when following you and whistling valiantly,
saying 'run to lift your skirt and release
his peevish foot.' The pup might be mad,
and being unable to escape, you would
surely be bitten by his poisonous tongue."

Mrs. Toddles almost imagined she
had hydrophobia already. "Goodness
gracious," she gasped, "I never thought
hoops would be so dangerous."

"Dangerous is no name for them, my
dear," continued the darling man, "you
would be likely to trip every time you

stepped on a car or came down stairs.
Why, in olden days when the things were
used, hundreds of women were dragged to
a horrible death behind cars. Think of
your being pulled over the cobble stones
after a trolley car feet first for several
blocks before they could stop to disentangle
the hoops from the rear platform. Think
of your plunging head first from the top of
the stairs and landing at the bottom on
your noble brains--maybe while carrying
the twins to be killed by their papa on
his home coming. I never could survive
the shock."

The poor woman was fast losing all de-
sire to don the advancing style.

"Of course, my dear, I don't wish to dis-
suade you from wearing hoops--if you
think they're becoming and are willing to
risk your and the twins' precious lives,"
suddenly said the dater of a husband, "you
know that people now-a-days haven't
the room to expand in as of yore."

"You couldn't call on your friends who
dwell in modern flats, for you would not
find room in them to enter. Everything is
now on so small a scale to accommodate
the crowded population. You would sweep
all before you on the sidewalk so
little innocent children playing there would
be forced in the road to be crushed under
cars. You couldn't ever more go to a
theatre, and what is worse, perhaps, you
never could approach a bargain counter in
the stores if there were any hoops around
as, no doubt, there will be."

"That last shot was a 'knocker out,'"
said Mr. Toddles. "I rather think there are two sides
to the hoops--skirt question," sighed the dis-
tressed female.

"I should say so, indeed, and the out-
side is bigger than the inside. How would
you like to go into your kitchen and find
Bridget's hoops covering more ground than
yours? You know the servants are crazy
to put them on for they want to look as
big as they feel. I'll wager a hat that
Bridget will take pride in showing a larger
circumference than her mistress. Ha ha!
It makes me laugh to think of it."

Mrs. Toddles tried to laugh, too, but the
effort was a failure. "Do you really think,
Timothy, that the servant girls will wear
crimoline?" she feebly asked.

"To be sure, my dear. Are not their
hats already bigger than yours? But have
you reckoned on the extra stuff it will take
to make a dress? Just double. That means
your allowance for new dresses (which
can't be increased as you know) will allow
you only half the number of new dresses
you now enjoy. But I guess you won't
mind that small matter."

"Timothy," said the imposed on woman
after a thoughtful pause, "I'm sure I
shouldn't take pride in showing a larger
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THE VERMONT NEWS.

\$10,000 for Alienated Affection.

The First Act Took Place at Newport, this State.

A verdict of \$10,000 for the plaintiff was returned by the jury Saturday in the Cleveland Lyman suit for alienation of affection. The plaintiff was Mrs. Susan Cleveland, the former wife of C. B. Cleveland, from whom she obtained a divorce in 1889. Charlotte W. Lyman is the defendant, who has been found guilty of alienating the affection of Mr. Cleveland. According to the story of the plaintiff affairs had run smoothly between them until the advent of Mrs. Lyman, who appeared on the scene in 1889 at Newport, where the Cleveland party were summering. After having been seen in Mrs. Lyman's company many times and in many places, Mr. Cleveland in 1889 left his home and family, saying that he would never return.

At the Thirsty Capital.

Frank H. McGill of Montpelier brought a libel suit for \$2000 against the Watchman Publishing company because the Watchman stated that he was the proprietor of the saloon over which John Evans presided. In the county court McGill was convicted, charged with keeping a nuisance there and fined \$200 and costs. He was also fined \$100 and costs and sentenced to 30 days in the house of correction charged with keeping liquor with him. He took an appeal. In both cases several offenders were fined large sums for selling liquor, and Arthur Locklin sent to the house of correction, where his father is already serving a sentence of one year.

A Bennington Contractor Sandbagged and Robbed of \$300.

Robert Pilling, a Bennington contractor, is confined to his home by concussion of the brain which the attending physician thinks is the result of a sandbagging, as no external bruises can be found. Pilling went to Troy, N. Y., last week Monday on a business trip. He did not return and his wife employed a detective who traced him to Hoolet Junction Thursday. Pilling was half-crazed and \$300 and a gold watch he had when he left home were gone. His condition is critical. The detective is investigating the case.

The Town of Rutland and the City of Rutland at Loggerheads.

The town of Rutland surrounds the city of Rutland and the two are at loggerheads. The town residents ask that the town hall, appraised at \$25,000, be sold for the benefit of the city. The city, however, has refused to do so. The town hall, which was built by the city, is now in a state of disrepair and the town residents are asking that it be sold for the benefit of the city. The city, however, has refused to do so. The town hall, which was built by the city, is now in a state of disrepair and the town residents are asking that it be sold for the benefit of the city. The city, however, has refused to do so.

A Highgate Centenarian.

The 100th birthday anniversary of Mrs. Rhoda Stearns was celebrated at Highgate Centre Highgate Monday. Mrs. Stearns is a native of Claremont, N. H. Her father, John Ives, built some of the first mills erected on Sugar river. Her husband, who died 14 years ago, was a veteran of the war of 1812. Over 200 people, including many of the oldest residents of the town, were present at the celebration. Mrs. Stearns was the recipient of many gifts.

Newport fishermen caught five lake trout that weighed 30 pounds from the ice on Lake Memphremont.

John Fitzgerald, familiarly known as "Black Jack," who died at his home near Rutland Friday, was supposed to be 108 years old.

The Flanders house, owned by H. Stevens and occupied by Peter Austin, was burned at Vergennes Tuesday morning. Loss, \$300.

F. W. McGeehan of St. Albans has been appointed superintendent of construction of the public building to be erected at that place.

The little son of Allen Caswell of Milton had one hand nearly severed, being struck by an axe with which an older brother was chopping.

Major Groat's new sugar house at Derby, with evaporators, other tools, sugar and syrup, was burned Wednesday last week. Total loss, \$300.

John H. Butler's dwelling and blacksmith shop, and the barn, situated on the bank of the county creamery at Jeffersonville were burned last week Wednesday.

The new high school building at Rutland has been appointed superintendent of construction at the national fish hatchery at St. Johnsbury. The building will be erected this spring.

The alumni association of Goddard seminary of Barre has secured \$2000 toward the Thompson Memorial cottage to be erected the coming summer in memory of Miss F. A. Thompson.

Farrington & Thayer of Brandon, assignees of Briggs Brothers, have disposed of \$85,000 worth of property in the past 60 days. Last week they sold the Briggs block in Brandon to T. B. Smith for \$25,000.

Albany had another disastrous fire Tuesday, when the large store building and the city residence owned by James Goodwin and occupied by Clement Eddy were burned. The loss was about \$800, with \$2000 insurance.

Clayton Richardson, aged 12, fell 12 feet from a doorway in his father's mill at Waterville into a raceway. He floated down stream under one bridge before his brother pulled him from the icy water unconscious. He will probably recover.

An amateur dramatic company was rehearsing at St. Johnsbury Centre yesterday and the girls sportively discharged a pistol at Maud Sargent. It contained a blank cartridge, but Miss Sargent was seriously injured. The rehearsal held at such short range that powder burned her face.

Joseph Larriba, a farm laborer, attacked Grace Carey, daughter of B. Carey of Colchester, while she was on her way to school one day last week. The child's screams frightened Larriba, who fled after tearing her clothes. Larriba was arrested, bound over to the county court for trial and placed in the county jail.

E. E. Rawson, the only millionaire in Atlanta, Ga., recently, he was a native of Craftsbury, this state, but went to Georgia while a young man. He was a member of the Atlanta City Council and died last week (Gen. Sherman in 1864, and protested against his order for the removal of women and children from the city).

Dr. Haynes L. Richardson, who died in New York city six days last week, was born in this state, in 1828. After graduating from a medical college in New York he practiced in Montpelier, and during the war served as surgeon with the 13th Vermont regiment. Since the war he has lived in New York.

Orange A. Smalley, who died recently near Brandon, became interested in electric machinery nearly 60 years ago, and built several batteries for use by physicians. He was associated with Thomas Edison, the noted electric inventor of Brandon, and according to the Brandon Union it was Smalley who submitted the plan which resulted in building the first electric engine.

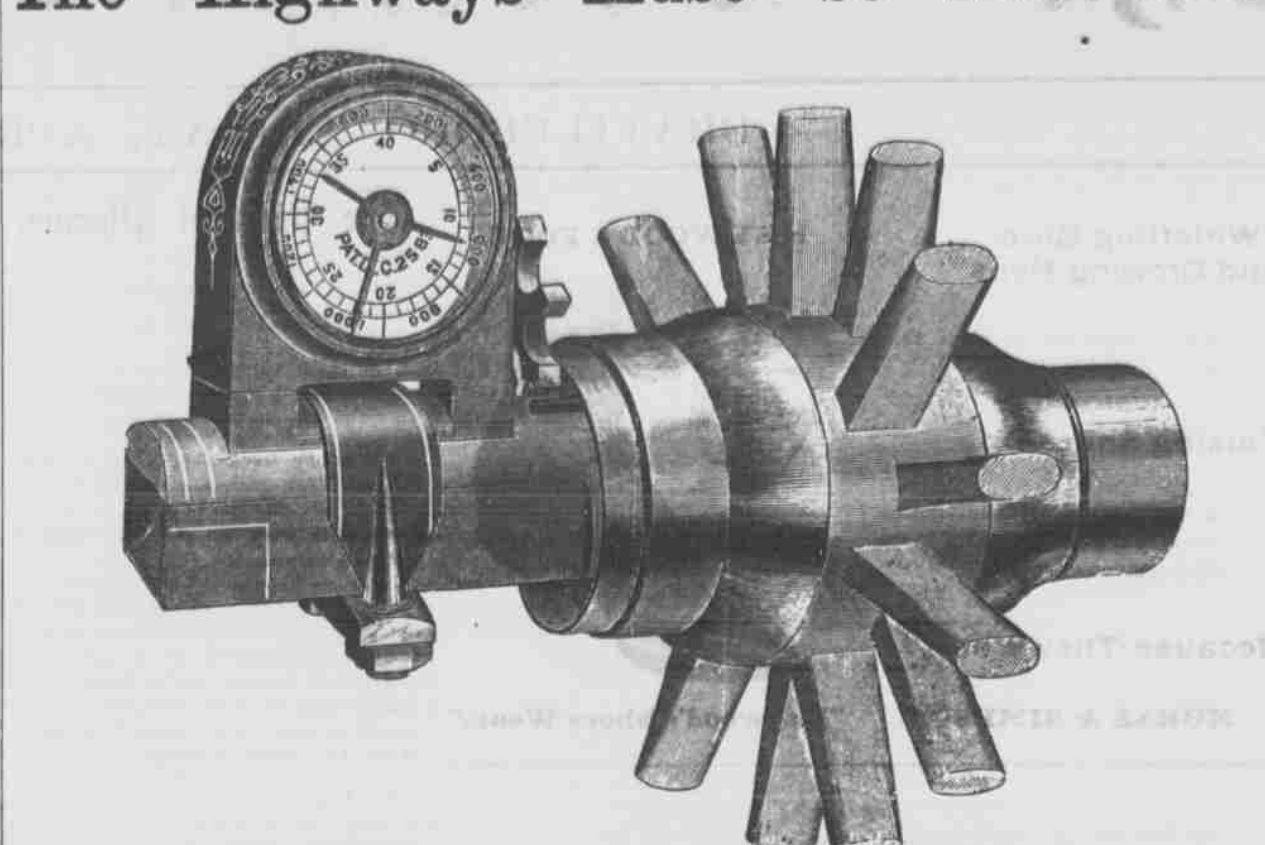
In the case of Lida Godelle vs. Mary La Chapelle, for criminal severity of punishment in school at Burlington, the jury returned a verdict Wednesday for the plaintiff for \$286 damages. The case goes to the supreme court.

C. S. Colburn, one of Rutland county's best known lawyers and business men, died at his home in Pittsford Wednesday. He was a graduate of Middlebury college, class of 1858, and had represented Rutland county in the state senate, besides holding many important offices.

R. B. Griffin, a chemist who graduated from the University of Vermont, in 1868, was fatally burned at his office on Milk street, Boston, last week Thursday by the explosion of naphtha.

A piece of Col. Baum's sword, a wrought nail from the front door of the old Captain Tavern at Bennington Centre, and a brass button from a British red coat have been forwarded by Mrs. Geo. A. Robinson of Rutland to be sent to the Columbian liberty bell.

The Highways Must be Measured.



We can furnish this Odometer as illustrated above. It is an instrument that measures and records accurately. It has been tested and adopted by the selectmen of the town of Brattleboro. It is simple, quickly and easily attached to any wagon. Price by mail, \$5 each. In ordering give diameter of rear wheel and send orders early to

ROBBINS & COWLES, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while also correcting all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

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is the name of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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